

Zakoni Podlosti / Murphy's laws

I love to play cards,
I love to play with love,
But people always tell me:
You can't win at both.
Can't handle them both.

I want to buy a Harley,
But I don't have the cash,
Don't even have the money.
For a puny, low powered moped
Little black moped with a stripe.

Chorus:
You Murphy's laws,
You have no conscience,
You should be ashamed of your selves.
Leave me alone!

I like to roll a dooby
And lie under the sun,
But the honest police officers
Don't let me chill like that,
They just don't let me chill like that.

I like to play loud,
At a late and quiet hour,
But the neighbors from upstairs
Are complaining every time.
Knocking very loud every time.

So, I won a game of cards,
But then my wife, she ran away.
I bough my self a Harley,
And trashed it,
Trashed it in two days.
I trashed this Harley in two days.

In sadness I was smoking
I got busted straight away,
I miss my upstairs neighbors
And I'm playing for myself
Yeah, just for you and me.

